

"ALL SHOT TO PIECES WITH BOOZE," HE IS A SUNDAY CONVERT

William P. Mooney Tells How the Evangelist's Message Has Changed His Mode of Life.

By WILLIAM P. MOONEY (A Billy Sunday Convert.)

It was booze that got me. Of course, there were lots of other things, too, but there wasn't a one of them that didn't originate in that damnable drink.

Look at me! My clothes all ragged, my face unshaved and my hands shaking as though I had the ague. That's what booze has done for me. And then there's my wife. No decent clothes to wear, not enough to eat and working like a dog for what she does get, and all because I can't get work—nobody will give work to a man that's all shot to pieces with booze.

I was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and I had a fine father and mother as you ever saw. They were good, God-fearing people, and they did everything they could to bring me up the same way. I had a good education, and then I started working in the iron works and getting good money, too.

I was getting along in great shape, and then I fell in with a bunch of "mucks," as we used to call them. I'll never forget the time they got me to take my first drink. It was down in a little house joint by the Hudson, where all the wharf rats hung out, and that bunch took me down there to show me a good time.

DIDN'T WANT TO DRINK, BUT— I didn't want to drink, but the whole bunch of them stood around laughing and jeering at me until finally I took a drink of whiskey to show them I could. Then they made me drink another, and, although I hated the stuff, they kept on nagging me until I was finally down and out, raving drunk, and the barkeep threw me out into the street.

That was the beginning of the end. Those fellows just kept right after me, and it wasn't long before I was as bad as any of them. My father used to plead with me to cut it out and my mother would pray for me, God bless her! but it wasn't any use. I didn't care. I told them I was my own boss and I would do as I pleased, and I did, too.

Of course, I lost my job. I couldn't keep up acting that way and be any good to anybody. Then I started roaming around. I got up to a little joint near Syracuse, where the American Bridge Company was doing some work, and as I hadn't had any money to buy booze with for several days, I was sober and I got a job.

I worked until I got \$100, and then I went on a tear; and that's the way it has been most of the time since then—working until I got a little money and then quitting and getting crazy drunk and doing everything a man could do to disgrace himself and his father and mother.

WIFE HOPED TO REFORM HIM. Oh, yes, I got married. That's the way with a fellow like that—he'd just as soon drag some girl down with him as not. My wife married me to reform me, I guess. God knows what other reason she could have had. And then my mother died—no use telling you why she went to an early grave—and my father followed her about five years later.

Well, that gives you some idea as to what I've been. I haven't had a decent thought until last week, when I happened to drift in here to listen to "Billy" Sunday. I expected he would haul out a bunch of bunk, but I was wrong. I came again Friday and, say, when he was talking about those Ten Commandments it seemed as though he knew I was there and was speaking every word right at me. There isn't a one hardy that I haven't broken if you make them mean what he says they mean.

"Honor thy father and thy mother!" When he was talking about that I was thinking about how I had honored my father and my mother. It seemed as though it would kill me. Oh, if it wasn't too late and I could tell them how sorry I am and how I'm going to start all over again!

Then what he said about there being more than one way of killing. About killing your wife slowly and torturing her with the rotten life you lead. He knew what he was talking about, all right, and maybe it isn't too late. I'm going to show her that there is something left in me yet, and I'm going to stick to it, too.

If it's true that God will hear me if I say "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," I guess there's some chance left for me after all, too, for from now on, believe me, I'm a Christian. Maybe I can show my wife that there is a little manhood left in me yet, and maybe you can honor your father and mother even after they are dead and buried. Do you think so?

W. P. Mooney

BRIDEGROOM DISAPPEARS

Henry Maas, Married Two Weeks Ago, Strangely Missing.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Henry Maas, of New York, a bridegroom of less than two weeks, disappeared from a hotel Saturday morning and his bride is frantic. The police are engaged in combing the countryside for him. Mrs. Maas says when her husband left the hotel he had more than \$600 and she fears foul play.



BILLY SUNDAY GAVE UP \$500 A MONTH JOB TO SERVE GOD

Investigation of Newspaper Reports Shows How the Evangelist Left Baseball Job for Religion.

Pittsburgh handed the Phillies a "blow" when they sold them "Billy" Sunday. At least that was the consensus of opinion among the two National League baseball teams just after the Phillies had traded two players in the middle of August to get "Billy" for their team, only to learn that at the close of the season he intended to give up baseball to enter into religious work.

The Pittsburgh team was as far down in the list of "down-and-outers" as a baseball team could possibly be and still be called a team. The team owed the landlord rent and it was rumored that the players were longing for bacon and beans, broken plain, baseball glory. "Billy" Sunday was their one redeeming asset. They put "Billy" up for sale.

TEAM'S HOPES VANISH. The Phillies had never won the National League championship, but in 1909 they thought they had a chance and the city was baseball-mad. The team had won 16 straight games. The crowds were coming fast. The team had money. But something happened, the team slowed up, and all its hopes vanished. Brooklyn went ahead of the Phillies in the race, and Boston pushed them back into third place. Something had to be done, so the Phillies bought "Billy."

"From Pittsburgh came the report that the Phillies have offered to exchange Burke and Day for Sunday," the Public Ledger said on August 9, 1909. "It is to be hoped that the deal will go through, as Sunday would greatly strengthen the home team."

The fans took courage. Two weeks later the deal went through. The fans were happy and Sunday was said to be happy. "He has always been anxious to play in Philadelphia and is glad to get away from the Pittsburgh team," the papers said, "he will probably move his family here in the fall, and make this city his home in the future. Sunday will play his first game with the Phillies today. Hamilton will move to hustle to maintain his reputation as the Phillies' best base runner."

The fans gave Sunday a warm reception, but the next day a gloom went through the crowd. A Western paper had said that "Billy" Sunday would not play ball the next year because he had accepted the assistant secretaryship of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association.

LOCAL ROOTERS INDIGNANT. The fans charged that the Pittsburgh management had played a trick on the Philadelphia management and the Pittsburgh dispatches added to the indignation of the local rooters.

In the first place, ex-President Nimick, of the Pittsburgh Club, said, "It is a fact that 'Billy' Sunday is going to leave the diamond at the close of the season to become the secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. In the next place, the people of Philadelphia understood this and they are willing to trade Pitcher Day and Outfielder Burke and pay a bonus of \$1000 for Sunday's release. The Pittsburgh team cannot better itself this season, and next season Sunday will be out of it anyhow. The Philadelphia people have large-sized championship bees in their bonnets, and they thought it worth while to pay what they did to have Sunday finish out the championship season with them."

Secretary Rogers, of the Phillies, then cheered the fans by saying, in an interview in the Public Ledger of August 27, 1909, that he did not think that there was any chance that Sunday would give up baseball because he had a contract with the Phillies for the rest of the season with the option for the Phillies to renew it for the three successive seasons. There was some trouble about closing the Sunday deal because Burke and Day held out for more salary before they would sign with Pittsburgh, and even with the game the Phillies offered to increase the bonus they had offered for his release to \$1200 in case Day and Burke would not sign.

It was presumed that if Sunday was to be secretary of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. his duties would be so arranged as not to conflict with his work on the Philadelphia team, and when the question of a proposed decrease in salary for the players during the following season was brought up it was agreed that Sunday was to be kept at his high salary.

RELEASED AT LAST. When Sunday had finally made up his mind that he was going to quit, he appealed to the Phillies for his release. It is said that "Billy" prayed hard while the deal was pending that the Phillies would release him from his contract. The Phillies finally granted his request.

As soon as he was released by the Phillies, it is said, the manager of the Cincinnati team offered him \$500 a month to join his team. But "Billy" was through with the game, and it was a religious job at \$253 that appealed to him. And herewith begins his marvelous career as an evangelist.

SUNDAY SCORES GREATEST VICTORY OVER THE DEVIL

Evangelist Brings 1184 Persons to Christ in Day of Three Sermons Thrilled With Enthusiasm.

"Billy" Sunday scored the greatest success of his revival campaign in this city yesterday, when he brought 1184 persons to "glory row" to acknowledge their belief in Christ as their personal Savior before the thousands seated in the tabernacle.

It was a desperate battle which the evangelist waged against sin and vice yesterday, a hand-to-hand struggle with the devil, which lasted more than three and a half hours with only two short intermissions during which the tabernacle was emptied and rapidly filled again with eager thousands who for hours had stood patiently waiting in the rain to gain admission to the building.

When it was over "Billy" was almost exhausted. His voice was almost gone, he was colorless and ugly. He was literally dripping from head to foot with perspiration, but he had won a great victory and was radiant with the happiness of one who had achieved his heart's desire.

The evangelist's morning sermon on the text, "Lord, is it I?" had been delivered by him on Saturday night, and there was little surprise when 37 converts "hit the sawdust trail" in response to the powerful sermon, but the afternoon and evening sermons on "Chickens Come Home to Roost" proved to be a surprise to every one of the 4000 persons who heard it. From the text it was expected that "Billy" had reserved a humorous sermon for his "men only" audience, but it proved to be one of the most gripping sermons on sin that has ever been heard in this city. That it was effective was proved by the 561 converts won in the afternoon and the 476 who answered the call at the evening service.

CONVERTS COME EAGERLY.

The converts were not "down-and-outers" yesterday. There were men, and during the first service women, who were willing to undergo a drenching in the rain to give "Billy" a chance to fight for their souls. There were young men, clean-cut and unframed, middle-aged men, their faces lined with an intimate knowledge of the vicissitudes which the evangelist was scoring, and there were old men eager to seek atonement before it should be too late for them to receive the light. Long lines of converts were waiting to be baptized, and the evangelist, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

"You see how the devil fights," Mr. Sunday said as he entered the tabernacle shortly before 10 o'clock yesterday. "He brings down a pouring rain and tries to keep the people from coming here, but look at them!"

The building was already filled and hundreds who had come only a half hour before the scheduled time, thinking that the rain would keep the crowds away, were unable to enter the tabernacle. Mr. Sunday began a few minutes after his arrival.

The throngs outside the tabernacle increased steadily until more than 20,000 persons, most of them with umbrellas, but many without any protection from the rain, were ready to stream into the building at the close of the service.

At the afternoon, as at the morning service, large crowds who were unable to enter the tabernacle remained outside. "Put her in on time or put her in the ditch" was the order given the Burlington's engineer. The throttle was opened and the great monster leaped into the night "hitting 60 almost before she left the yards." She plunged through a blinding snow storm, the engineer tamed at the throttle, "Billy" firing the engine until his back seemed to break.

With the vividness that only Sunday can put into a story, "Billy" continued the tale, describing each thrilling detail of the nerve-racking race, bringing it to a climax when he shouted, "But—but we brought her in two minutes ahead of time! And the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy pulls the fastest mail today."

DRAWN PARALLEL.

He leaped to the pulpit and drew a parallel between his story and the lives of men who are staggering to hell instead of fighting a winning race toward Heaven, how they are damning their children and their children's children by the lives they lead. And then he issued the call for converts.

"You cannot escape the hand of God," he shouted. "Come on. Who will come up here and win the race to Heaven? Who will take the stand for Jesus? And then they came from every section of the great building they swarmed down the sawdust trail to grasp the hand of the evangelist and take their place in "glory row," winning the race against sin by the "two-minute margin."

PORT OF PHILADELPHIA

Table with columns: Vessels Arriving Today, Name, From, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: Steamships to Arrive, Name, From, Date. Includes steamships like Mongolian, Dominion, etc.

Table with columns: Steamships to Leave, Name, For, Date. Includes steamships like Mongolian, Dominion, etc.

Table with columns: Movements of Vessels, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.

Table with columns: FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS, Name, For, Date. Includes vessels like St. Charles, St. Louis, etc.



Richard M. Watt, U. S. N. Rear Admiral Watt as Chief Naval Constructor is believed to have been influential in causing the unusually large recent order of 11 new submarines, one of which will be a sea-going craft of wide range.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINADIST. RICHARD M. WATT, U. S. N. Rear Admiral Watt as Chief Naval Constructor is believed to have been influential in causing the unusually large recent order of 11 new submarines, one of which will be a sea-going craft of wide range.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINADIST. RICHARD M. WATT, U. S. N. Rear Admiral Watt as Chief Naval Constructor is believed to have been influential in causing the unusually large recent order of 11 new submarines, one of which will be a sea-going craft of wide range.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINADIST. RICHARD M. WATT, U. S. N. Rear Admiral Watt as Chief Naval Constructor is believed to have been influential in causing the unusually large recent order of 11 new submarines, one of which will be a sea-going craft of wide range.

OBITUARIES

GEN. STOESSEL, DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR, IS DEAD

Once Condemned for Surrender to Japanese, But Obtained Pardon. PETROGRAD, Jan. 18.—Lieutenant General Stoessel, the Russian commander, who was sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment for surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese, died today. After serving about a year of his sentence in the military fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, General Stoessel's health broke down and he was freed by Czar Nicholas.

Two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he never fully recovered, and it was this ailment which ultimately caused his death.

HARMON C. BOND

Prominent Farmer and Politician of West Goshen. WEST CHESTER, Pa., Jan. 18.—Harmon C. Bond, 60 years old, a leading farmer of West Goshen township, died today of heart disease. For a number of years Mr. Bond had taken an active part in Chester County Republican politics.

JOHN P. BOLAND

John P. Boland, a former police lieutenant of the 3d and Christian streets police station and later sergeant of the 3d and Race streets station, died last night at St. Joseph's Hospital from pneumonia. He was 37 years old, and had been a member of the police force since March, 1901. His home was at 134 Green street. In September, 1912, he was appointed lieutenant, serving in that capacity until January, 1913, when, at his request, he was demoted to the position of street sergeant.

RABBI GUTEMACHER

ALTOONA, Pa., Jan. 18.—Rabbi Adolph Gutemacher, prominent in Jewish circles of Altoona, died yesterday from a stroke of apoplexy on a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train while en route to Chicago. The body was removed from the train at Huntingdon and returned to Altoona today. He was 46 years of age and weighed more than 300 pounds.

JOHN WASHBURN

John Washburn, 54 years old, a flower and seed merchant and a well-known resident of West Philadelphia, is dead at his home, 329 Market street. He was treasurer of the Union Building and Savings Association and a prominent member of the Chambers-Wylie Presbyterian Church, Broad and Spruce streets. His death was due to pneumonia.

GEORGE W. CARMAN

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Jan. 18.—George W. Carman, an elderly resident of this place, died at the Firemen's Home at Hooton, last night, at the age of 71. He was a member of the Citizens' Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 and had been in the home about four years. The body will be brought here for burial.

MRS. SUSAN K. JOHNSON

Mrs. Susan Keating Johnson, wife of Lindley Johnson, an architect, is dead at her home in Rosemont, after a brief illness of one week. Mrs. Johnson was the daughter of the late Dr. William V. Keating. Besides her husband, she is survived by three children, Lindley, Jr., William and Marion Johnson.

DEATHS

ARMSTRONG.—On January 17, 1915, CLARA, widow of Daniel Armstrong, died at her residence, 202 N. 10th street, at 3 p. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 3 p. m.

BOLAND.—On January 17, 1915, JOHN P. BOLAND, son of John and Margaret Boland, died at his residence, 134 Green street, at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

BOND.—On January 18, 1915, HARRY BOND, son of John and Mary Bond, died at his residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

BURKE.—On January 17, 1915, MARY BURKE, daughter of Benjamin and Rebecca Burke, died at her residence, 1015 N. 10th street, at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

DODGE.—On January 17, 1915, ALICE DODGE, daughter of the late George Dodge and Mary K. Dodge, died at her residence, 1111 N. 10th street, at 1 p. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 1 p. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

EVANS.—On January 17, 1915, MRS. MARY EVANS, wife of John Evans, died at her residence, 407 Pottsville ave., at 10 a. m. Burial at Holy Cross cemetery, at 10 a. m.

Advertisement for a musical comedy featuring a pig and a gate. Text includes: 'WHAT MAKES MORE NOISE THAN A PIG UNDER A GATE?', 'YOUR MANNER IS QUITE STY-ISH, SO HARK WHILE I RE-LATE!', 'AND THE PELICAN SAID "/>